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THE
ANÆSTHETIC REVELATION¹⁰

AND

THE GIST OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY

BENJAMIN PAUL BLOOD.

AMSTERDAM, IN NEW YORK, AMERICA.
1874.

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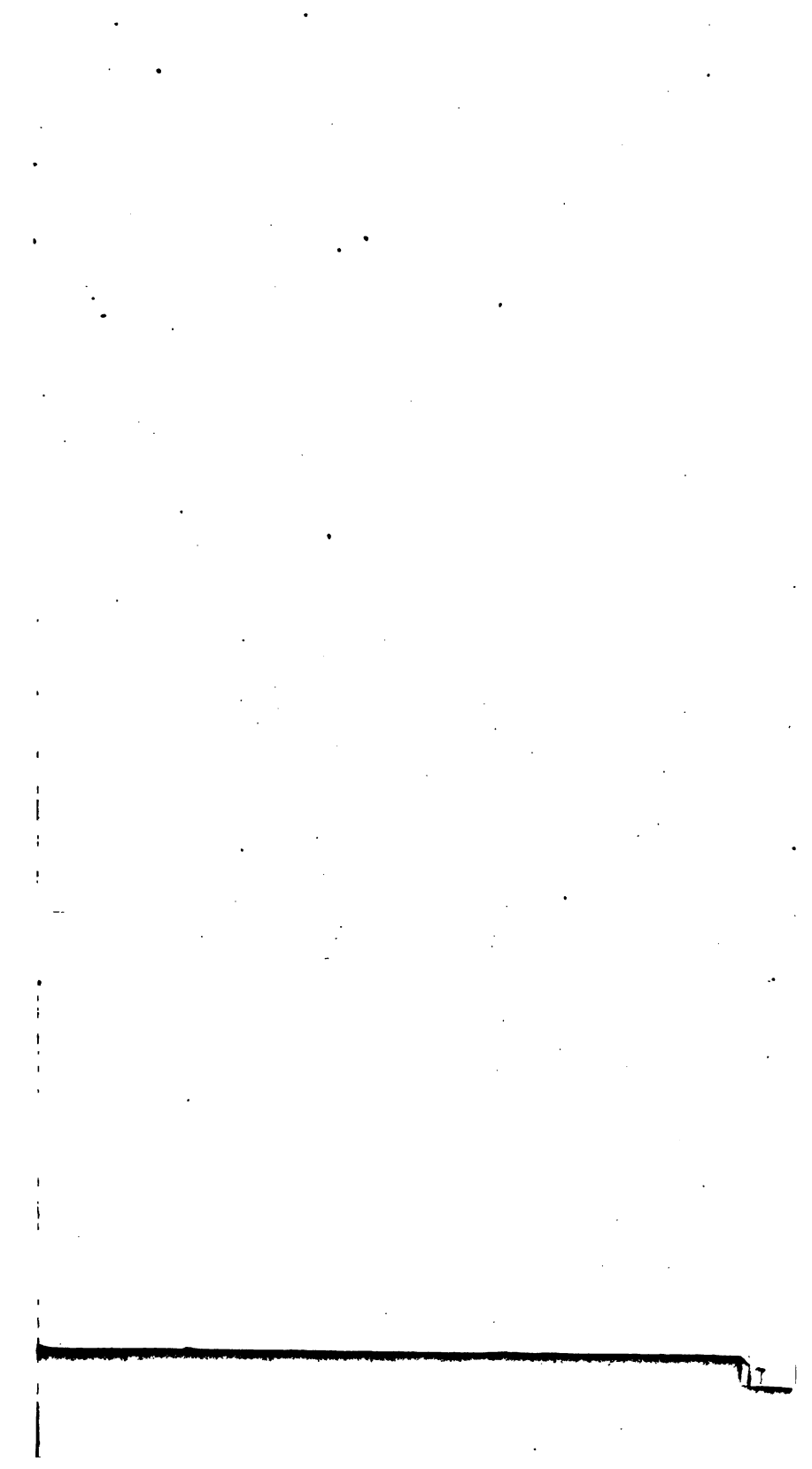
THE

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The Anæsthetic Revelation.

By what follows I rather hope to signalize than purpose to define a discovery—unutterable by any, yet accessible to all, and of singular interest if not of novel instance—which has been usual with me for now nearly fourteen years. I have often attempted an account of it, and still have happily deferred publication, warned by the fate of philosophers, which was ever to have published too soon at last. But weary of reticence, I at length resign to that course of nature wherein every conceit of the ultimatum has come to be corrected in turn as but a stage of growth. I am now forty years old, as men reckon, and doubting that I shall ever be better able to forestall my critical advantage, and indulging a scruple at longer delay lest by some adventure this matter should altogether die with me, I take the chance of being called a mad one in my day, in order to declare however imperfectly, and to leave in the world this which is now my assurance and poise, where before were doubt and vacillation.

But the substance of the discovery here alleged, although accessible to even vulgar empiricism, can hardly be either critically entertained or thankfully received without some appreciation of philosophy. In various guise—as truth, the true, the good, the absolute, the identical, the apodeictic, the perfect, the ultimate, God, Heaven, etc., is sought, as I shall say, supreme being, or unconditioned life,—from

which (or rather, from what this contradiction intimates) I have many times returned; and as I take this for that satisfaction of philosophy unattained in its way, it would behoove me to relate, more distinctly than as they now pass, the uneasiness which is the instigation of philosophy, and the knot or coil which baffles philosophical explication, together with the most plausible methods of philosophical endeavor heretofore; and this preparation I shall first essay, with what cency pertains.

And now it should seem an easy task, (for a philosopher at least,) to tell outright what philosophy is, and is about; but vexatiously enough, no philosopher has succeeded better in defining than in finding what he sought. So perplexed is the philosophical spirit, even in his calmest determination, that a definition of philosophy (or of aught else) is impossible while (and for the same reason that) philosophy endures. Technically, philosophy is the desire for truth; and as an art it might be called the art of definition; but what truth is, and whether or not it is, and what "is" (or any other predicate) means, and how one thing should express, or contain, or give understanding or content of another: these are still questions in philosophy,—as is also a question the anomaly of asserting and pursuing, as a style of course, although the desideratum may perhaps event not by observation nor by definition, but by some silent retrocession, which shall leave the philosophical condition pathologically reproached with the presence of a question rather than with the want of an answer.

There is this oddity in questioning what truth is, and especially in questioning whether or not it is: that he who speaks or writes thereof must in honor be presuming its possession. But philosophy differs from the quest of knowledge, in that philosophy proceeds from a question of the possibility and reality of knowledge, and doubts of "an answer in words to a question of things." The dictionary seems to satisfy common sense by defining truth as conform-

ity to fact,—as instanced in any description wherein an original is recognized. But philosophers aver: If the original is recognized in the truth, it must have been cognized before as the original; else how shall the likeness or conformity be claimed? or as between what is it claimed? Again they aver: In conformity, or likeness of form, there is not claimed a likeness of essence; or if indeed there be likeness of essence, then the same essence, distinguished, is a different individuality. In one sense or other truth is claimed as other of the true, although the topic is single. And when the topic is Life—that great concern with us all—we are forced to confess that, if by means of truth we are to be wiser in life, truth of life must be different as distinguished from life; else one of the terms is superfluous. *

It seems an easy and a very proper thing to say, that the success of philosophy depends on the possibility of life entering into thought and language; and as this can hardly be hoped for, the pursuit, at first view, seems fit to be given up. But thinking more carefully, we confess that although life may be considered as in itself independent of language or logical thought, *our* life, as individuals, is such only by and in consequence of formal particulars of thought which make up our "self," and to doubt that the form and particulars of thought, by which we become as personal, are truly life, is to doubt that *our* life is real—is life

* The use of philosophy will be instantly brought to popular appearance by a due consideration of Webster's definition of *truth*, to wit:—"The quality of being true; as (a) conformity to fact or reality; exact accordance to that which is, or has been, or shall be."—Of this explanation, and of the disposition which accepts it, it is the quality of philosophy to ask two questions: first, This Conformity ("to fact or reality")—is it not itself fact and reality?—second, This Accordance ("to that which is")—is not it? What can accord to that which is, save that which is not? Or, besides what is, is there somewhat that accords to it? Hereby either truth is not, or else it is likeness of being and not being, rather than true being, or being true. So of truth as accordance to what has been, and what shall be; does it accord in these respects: that it has been, and shall be, but is not now?—What knowledge is; whether possibly it is; how it can be out of the content of a thing; and especially, how it can be of all, so that all may be safe in intelligence; these are the fundamental questions in philosophical curiosity which have not been answered, and cannot be wisely ignored.

at all. So that rebuking philosophy is in effect denying one's self,—which is not easily done.

The inveterate and abiding knot or twist which baffles philosophy (as a pursuit of the truth of life) is, in general terms, the identity and difference of the same and the other; and in particular terms, the identity and difference of being and knowing, of life and logic, of things and thinking, of reason and sense, of reality and appearance, of something and nothing, of universal and particular, of one and all. Whichever of these couples we cogitate and take apart, on either hand we are forced to confess the same in the other—identity and difference.

As a sufficient illustration of the philosophical difficulty we take the identity and difference of being and knowing, and indulge the curiosity of *knowing* what we *are*. We immediately encounter this puzzle: If we know *what* we are, still we know *as* we are,—for what is known and what knows are then the same,—and then also being and knowing are the same,—and what we are is simply knowledge—yet, knowledge *of* (or *off*) what we *are*. The distinction is still open between being and knowledge,—the identity and difference are alike confest;—and the question, What are we? is only reput and emphasised: *what* are we then, if we know so intimately? Why are we not satisfied?—There are two considerations wherein we are not satisfied: one is, We *know* many particulars which we do not usually think we *are*; and the other is, In all we know of what we are there is no satisfaction for another curiosity, namely, *why* we are;—we doubt our possessing real knowledge of aught, while we lack the secret of commanding its presence and its absence.

While prevails this philosophical notion—that knowledge is a necessity of presence and of being—there is no peace to us save in the belief that *all is known*: that no blind fate, prior to what is, necessitates that all first is and only secondly is known, but that knowledge is first and original, with safety in its own hands. But when we speak

of knowledge as of or off all being, either, we claim knowledge as other of all being, or else knowledge itself means being, and one of the two words is superfluous. Yet inasmuch as, even in the supposition that knowledge is and only is and means being, our condition insists upon knowledge as of some particular, although that particular were knowledge itself, there still remains a sense in which there is being other than (or in) knowledge, and knowledge as of all is other of all; which implication perhaps suggested a saying of Parmenides, "The more is thought;" as if, whatever may be known, there is more, by the thought of it, than is known, which "more" is metalogical, and never a *this*—an object, or ought to be found—but somewhat certified from behind knowledge, in regions not to be referred to as practicable ground for speculation. Yet clearly, to mention or assume this unknown ground as such, is to treat, as if known, more than is confessed as known; and such reference is idle, save with an understanding or admission of an intuition *v.* being had aside from formal knowledge. Of whatsoever we desire a definition, or a formal setting forth in light or knowledge, we already confess some informal possession in our being, else why the curiosity for definition? as definition of what? There seems to be an indefinite substance of intelligence, of which knowledge is an added and exterior form, or set of forms.

Observe, that in a supposed relieving of the implication of being and knowledge, by knowing what we are, not only must we be all that we know, but we presume that what we are could have its contents better appreciated outwardly, as in knowledge, picture, or expression, than they are realized identically at home. But this presumption is not practically justified; for on the other hand, of whatsoever we merely know, as seeming external, we doubt that we possess the secret, because we are not it in its life. When we look upon any picture, reflection, or whatever is visible, as claiming in itself to represent an original life, we are compelled to confess that if our observation is true to the

life—possesses or really contains its secret—then life is doubled in the truth; and in trying to see or to account for one, we have found another in truth or knowledge, which other, when truth or knowledge of *all* is concerned, must be, as other of all, both being and not being;—which hard dilemma has brought some hard sayings into the world:—as when Zophar the Naamathite tells Job: The secrets of wisdom are the “double to that which is;” as when Parmenides says: “The more is thought;” as when Aristotle says: the absolute is “Thought thought;” as when St. John says: “The Word was made flesh;” as when Jesus says: “I am the truth;” as when Fichte says: “Consciousness is Being out of its being;” as when Hegel tells of “Being (both noun and participle) produced;” as when Emerson says: “We *are* wiser than we *know*.”

This, then, seems to be the ground of philosophical expatiation:—“knowledge of all,” or “knowledge of what is,” leaves a distinction between knowledge and what is; and when we speak of thought, we distinguish between thought and what is thought (of)—although we were thinking, or proposing to think, of thought; so that thought and thinking, or knowledge and knowing, seem related as object and action—which last cannot well become an object of knowledge, but must be identically lived. Yet “more” is inferred; whether knowing be act, fact, substance, or illusion, how can it be a topic of consideration unless in some sense it “is,” as an object to some other, or to itself—as other?

Regarding any object or topic of knowledge, let us declare this: We see only what we do not see through—only what stands forth to wonder, resists penetration, and is not resolved,—the given—the matter of experience,—and this the same whether as a mere object to the eye, or as any consistency of idea, or any lingual expression, or abstraction, or emotion. Were we commandingly possess of every secret constitutional in that which confronts or arrests us, there would be no resisting opacity extant—no matter of experi-

ence and wonder—nought given. Wherefore Kant (and Plato before him, when he says color is commensurate with sight,) held that we see or know not "things in themselves," but "appearances,"—inferring that "appearances," though "known" as he says, are not things in themselves, but are related to knowing, somewhat as pain is related to feeling.

From the fact that within or behind our own form or appearance we feel a private potency of life, which, as exercised, is a reason or ground for changes in appearances, we usually infer the same ground behind other appearances, and conclude that, if life is reality, there is reality without us as well as within us. But if the only need of somewhat behind form and color, of which somewhat they shall be the "mere" form and color, is of a ground or reason for their standing forth as they do, the integrity of the somewhat supposed behind external form and color will be questionable if those qualities shall be found according to somewhat elsewhere than thus as supposed behind them, and also not according to our will. Now aside from the fact that we have no conception of aught remaining if the qualities apparent are taken away, we have all learned that sensible presents—form, color, sound, resistance, etc., are to us more and less, present and absent, according to our organs and the mediums between them and their objects; and whether this according is actively on the part of the objects, or on the part of the organs—(i. e. in whichsoever any change would be prior, and in whichsoever consequent)—all objects claimed as external to us must have this questionable in their objective integrity: they are at least partly as we are, and we are at least partly as they are. Thus "appearances," although in one respect (topically) necessarily things in themselves, and in another respect things in ourselves, yet taken as a whole—taken as act, fact, and substance, which jointly may be called experience—this experience, contemplated as if by one outside of experience—alien to the world—transcendentally—seems

the result of two factors: a subject and an object;—but there is yet no determination whether these two are individuals or parts of an individual;—for this last saying, (“parts of an individual,”) although nonsense to reason, is reasonable to sense; empirically, each of us as one is a subject-object, although rationally this is impossible. Whence are confest identity and difference in our personality.

Here we, confident of life behind our appearance at least, might well infer that our life involuntarily and unwittingly projects all that we see or know, as a “self,” did not our pains, if not our pleasures, at the presence of externals (so called,) insist on our respecting them as in themselves efficient independently of our desire and very will. It were strange, we can but think, that what we are should so hate and hurt us, or be ground of that which should in anyway annoy or oppose us;—for this inward antagonism revolts from any possible conception of a ground or reason for anything whatsoever. It is not the vastness of the outer space and beauty which deters us from conceiving them as optical illusions projected by the vital soul; for nothing is more fertile than life; and a mile outward is no further than the mile inward which measures it; but we marvel at the antagonism of ground and consequent—of creator and creature.

Philosophy long ago referred this antagonism, which at first is held to lie between us and the unobedient outer-world, to the antagonism of two faculties in us, namely, Sense and Understanding: of which the office of the first is to confess the presence of things, and that of the second is to question the ground of the presence and (or) its confession. But this step in advance led only to a new and equal difficulty: As knowledge requires some sort of unity of appearances and things, in order that appearances may be real, or that things may appear as they are, so the two faculties, sense and understanding, require to be made one, or else there is an entire man who, as a third consideration, owns these faculties, and is perfect and identical as a critic

of both of them. And thus far in the history of philosophy these faculties are in antagonism, and the unit is not found. Understanding accuses sense of deception—deception of the man, except her share in him; and sense torments the man with pains which understanding cannot enable him to ignore. And neither will these two faculties agree before the man, nor can the man determine to which of the two voices he should listen; for there appears no choice between them, save upon the unwarranted (and though warranted, yet unavailing) assumption that sense is organic and perishable while understanding, or reason, is universal and immortal.

When we sensibly see the image or picture of our room in the mirror, and rationally conclude that no room is there as there appears, reason assumes a deception of sense. But there is, then, somewhat worthy of her remark, no matter whether characterized as an act, a fact, or a falsity; she confesses the *thuness*, even in denying the *thercness* of the illusion; and although affirming that the illusion is not outward in matter, but is an error in one side of the mind—affirming that it is not there whether seen or not, but only *as* seen, and that there is no unseen color, nor unfelt pain, and that these seeming realities are mistakes which but for sense were not,—yet this denial of any supposed substance in the illusion does not wipe out the fact of the illusion—which fact Reason, (herself practical only by means of a sensible element,) confesses in the boast of its detection. She does not relieve the man from the potency of the things of sense by simply pronouncing them unsubstantial; the mistake is fact and potential over the peace of the man, though there be nought mistaken, nor any ground for mistaking,—for sense is part of the man, and is as inseparable from him as reason.

The question raised here is not merely sophistical, as whether an illusion or a falsity can really be; any one may detect the waste of words in speaking of a definite falsity, or of a real illusion; but the question is practical in the

first degree. Here is one faculty in the man claiming, and another faculty repudiating the presence of somewhat; and the man—pleasantly or painfully affected by sense on the one part, and on the other part assured that, as naught really is there, he should not be so affected—raises the double question, as to whether or not aught is there, and as to who he is that thus seems to transcend both faculties or voices, yet uses both when he criticises either. Who is the man? Is he either or both of these faculties? Or are both of these mere conditions in somewhat which may survive them?

If then the first achievement of philosophy is the detection of deception in the senses, it is sadly plumed with doubts as to whether that other faculty which condemns the senses is of a more commanding order and of a higher destiny than are those of sense; for once deceived, by aught so palpable and so potent as sense, gives stern admonition, lest we be deceived again, to patient suspense of any judgment which may be determined by our *condition*. And I am fully assured of a life (so calling it because some name is convenient) in which is neither logical reason nor perceptive sense, but only the metalogical or undistinguishable of which these are conditioned and knowable particulars,—in which life the confusion of identity and difference, and of universal and particular, troubles the soul no longer. This assurance is in memory of that life beyond condition or name, and from which I have many times returned, as others also may; and it is only because the possibility of that life forbids that philosophy should reach it in this our condition, that I would admonish philosophy of her own weakness in her own way, before I speak of that unconditional satisfaction. And freely I confess, with all normal sanity, that I cannot normally conceive how there may be life without personality, or consciousness that is not of some particular in logical form,—I only remember that so it is;—but philosophy, normally possessed of but the two faculties, sense and reason, vainly struggles in the coil of identity and

difference, to find the content unity of life instead of the antagonism of reality and appearance, of being and thought. For this is that Truth, whence philosophy takes its name: thought as reality; or, logically, the *word of life*; and I would expose the failure of philosophy to discover it.

Therefore observe carefully the following:—Truth, if it be not an idle word, tautological, and one with the word life, but is worthy a name of its own, as of or off the life, infers that life can be *expressed*, as *being in another*; and if truth has any use or desirableness it lies in the presentment into the working capacity of some faculty somewhat not otherwise apprehensible. But this peculiar presence, *claimed separately* as truth—distinguished as truth—is surely a re-presentment of somewhat, which, however intangible before, was firstly (or is at the same time) posited, detected, and confest in being by some other faculty of cognition or hypothecation. If *truth* and *life* are not the same, then however like, they must differ. Truth then, as the likeness of that visible to that invisible, reverts as likeness or harmony between his faculties in the observer; and inasmuch as but one object is claimed in the visible and the invisible, then while the visible and the invisible—the original reality and the apparition—are one, the observer must either be two, or possess two faculties, himself being a third and separate consideration; and only as the visible and the invisible are two and distinguishable can the observer be one; and only when the duplexity of being, as reality and apparition, is vanquished, can we proclaim the visibility of reality, or the reality of observation.

Fichte, who is original herein, states the matter thus:—Life, or Being, *alone is*; and “*is*” means *knowledge*: Being “*is*” only because and in that it *appears*, as in consciousness, or form, or manifestation;—as if Being, inherently dark or latent—in-isting—should in the same time and place, and without change or motion, *exist*, or become to light, form, or definition, as consciousness, and and so “*is*,” and Being *is* in no other sense or manner. And further,

(and this is the meaning of *truth*.) Being ex-ists even *as it in-ists*; or, in knowledge it *appears* as it *is*: thus asserting the equivalence of being and appearing, and the truth of one to the other when they are distinguished in doctrine.

But observe: If Being is *by* knowledge, or *through* knowledge, surely it is not *as* knowledge,—for thus were two words, (being and knowledge,) for one meaning; or if knowledge is the *act* of being, and *is* means *knows*, knowledge is distinguished from being as process is distinguished from substance. And note the practical consequence of saying that being is only *by* and in knowledge:—this would affirm of us that we are dead and nothing if without knowledge,—whereas we sleep in safety, and in due time life (or all that we mean by life) resumes consciousness, and we awake by a potency prior to our knowledge and will. In this instance so far is knowledge from the guidance or the founding of being that it is as a toy in the grasp of the unreasoning life. And in somnambulance even formal knowledge seems active, though void of our remembering personality.—And note further the consequence of saying aught is only as it appears:—the color and form of the flowers seen in the mirror are as real as color and form can be; and all that we see in any flower is of color and form; yet the object in the mirror is not taken for a real double, of which the color and form belong to an *it* behind them, nor supposed to possess that life of the bouquet before the mirror—that life which we are and try to know.—Yet further:—if we shall admit the demonstration of physical science, that vision as well as sound and touch is mediate—that the eye takes time to see as well as the ear to hear—then a star may have been so far away that if it had perished before the days of Adam, it might still be visible from here yet a hundred years; surely, what is now seen is not the being of the star, for here is an appearance to which no outward reality belongs. And (popularly speaking) as somewhat appears and is not, so also there is which appears not; as in the earth's motion, when we re-

volve a thousand miles an hour as is alleged—and many generations lived and did not know it.—Still further note:—if aught is as it appears, yet is not mere appearance but inherent being or substance, then besides the constituent qualities of a thing is the thing itself as owner of the qualities,—yet the owner is identical with the qualities as identified by them. Thus somewhat in dogs, wherein all dog is alike, owns the head, body, unity and entirety of every dog, and were really no less by the loss of any or all of these qualities,—and this somewhat being that which appears as it is in every dog, the universal, or being as excluding particulars, is not simply the universal, but is universal dog. And so of all things fair or foul: the universal is the universal of *their* particular,—which cannot be asserted as logic, however unavoidable above logic.

This grand conception of Fichte, that *is* means *knowledge*, he fortified thus:—Truth is “the proposition of identity;” and if truth is possible, there is a being all in knowledge; and as an illustration of a being all in knowledge he proposed the formula “ $A=A$,” as living truth.

But this will never serve. Identity may tolerably be spoken of as in position, but never as in proposition. There is no living truth (truth of the life) in the formula “ $A=A$,”—nor in any other mathematical assertion,—no more that truth which philosophy requires than in a machine of weights is “perpetual motion.” If there is any truth told in “ $A=A$,” to what question is it an answer? The only claim the formula can have to truth is, that if one had asked: what is A ? or, what is the value of A ?, that value or content is given in the formula, and it is “ A .” Now there is but one A in reality or identity, and there are two A ’s in the formula, *and these are equal*; if then the identical A is not doubled in the proposition of identity, (the same in the other,) that which is proposed is not the identity but the apparition of A . Proof is required of the likeness of the being and appearing of A —of life and knowledge—of reality and logic,—and is merely tricked

forth by a likeness of appearance as of A taken twice by the senses, while the subtler faculty—that which sympathizes with the life of A, and would know whence it is and why it is—stands idle. If A were wise he would not take this “A” of reflexion—this man in the mirror, “in exchange for his soul.”

Give the formula a general application, thus: *All—All*; here, by the formula, all is proposed, in thought of all, as equal and other of all; and that which is equal and other is the double of a definite whole;—and thus ever “the more is thought,” and wisdom is the “double to that which is.”

“Being alone is,” said Fichte—is by consciousness; and in a doctrine of knowledge, consciousness, as distinguished, is “Being out of its being.” The contradiction involved in this utterance he would not deign to scrutinize, but said “otherwise it cannot be, and so it is; ask not for the *How*—be satisfied with the *Fact*.” He was staunch in this position by observation of the dynamic and transcending genius of life itself, which is aware or awake only as being exceeds, or is the same in new time, as Being *produced* (that is, popularly speaking, self-extended);—but this process it was not for him to illuminate.

Here begins the operation of Hegel, who demands the freshest patience and the stillest attention,—to be rewarded with something less than the kingdom of heaven.

The Fichtean Being—universal and static—cannot go “out of its being” (as he said) save into a consequent consideration—an other of all. Fichte would not follow it. But is there other of all? Yes, said Parmenides: thought is other of all; yes, said Zophar the Naamathite: there is a double to that which is; and yes, said in effect Hegel: there is an other of all in newness of the same—in being-produced; there is a “notion”—containing and exceeding the duplex of identity and difference, as the unity of man contains and exceeds the clashing faculties of sense and understanding; and in all considerations great or little, the absolute is one and it is this notion. Is there an antithesis

of particulars? there is the notion containing them. Are there cross-universals? there is the universal notion containing them. Being and being (continuing), substance and process, noun and participle, identity and difference—implicated and explicated in couples by the logical sense and understanding—have for each couple a notional unit in *reason*,—in which notion the identity and difference, oscillating, push the unit, life, onward: Onward, but not out of the system; for if we overhaul the unit—the concrete notion—we shall instantly antithesise it with its own negation,—put its being side by side with its non-being, and uplift in logic the universal notion of being and not being, and crown these with the notions of absolute assertion and contradiction in turn,—all to no end save a scoffing of our finite condition, and a sickening of all philosophy.

We shall better approach Hegel if we may for the moment turn the light of Hegelianism on two opposing systems—that of Heraclitus and that of the Eleatics.

Observe that an other of all, as spacially and statically exterior to all, is illogical or incogitable only because universal space (or say the compass of the spacic faculty) cannot be transcended by that faculty—(call it the faculty of the present tense, or of actuality);—but at the use of this faculty another faculty lies idle,—(call this the critical, or potential faculty—) by which faculty the spacic universe, as if it were a disc, is turned edgewise toward us and set at right-angles across the universe of duration, in which the spacic totality shows, as enduring, but a moment's thickness—like a curtain hung between the future and the past;—for all that is, to the faculty of actuality or sense, is in the present tense, and to this faculty neither the past nor the future is. If we suppose now a totality embracing not only what is (sensually observed) but also what has been and what shall be, this last totality might be hinted as a panorama, whereof the section exposed to view should stand for the content of the present tense, between two equal and fore-finished rolls, (the past and the future,)

which rolls, as one winding and the other unwinding, and moving the picture in exposition, are a novelty to the local spectator, but an old affair to the showman, who has a notion of the whole canvass. The showman here stands for the critical or potential faculty (memory and hypothecation,—) and as he gives no special attention to the actual field of sensual observation, what he apprehends as the totality of being has not the demonstration of nature or newness by process of time, and not only does not (as does the other) show its totality in the present tense, but has no relation to any tense or time whatsoever. Thus to one faculty the spacic universe is all and presently, while to the other only the eternal is an object. For if we look for the world by the light of reason we shall not find room for it. The present, where the world should be observed, has no breadth; the finest line of division between what has been and what shall be (neither of which is, to sense,) must yet be magnified by scrutiny and split in halves belonging on both hands, until there remains only a notion of division, between becoming and departing, as the concrete content of the present; there is no definite precipitate of the process of becoming, nor any residuum of the process of departing, but cogitation changes the world back and forth from substance to action—from a noun to a participle—by the alternate predominance of sense or reason in the observer. Therefore Heracleitus, who acknowledged reality only in the present tense, said of all things, They are and are not; or, All is of two elements, of which one is and the other is not; or again, All fleets;—while the Eleatics held reality as independent of observation, and therefore neither becoming nor deceasing, nor in any way touched by time; and held all that of which we say *it is* simply because it becomes manifest to observation in the present tense, as some illusion, of which the less said the better.—But both of these theories, undoubtedly, were properties of either party, which could be partisan only by an arbitrary exaltation of a favorite faculty, and by criticising one alternative

by the light or the contrast of the other. It were an arrogance to say that either Heraclitus or Zeno or Parmenides was less than a critic of both of these systems—more than either and more than both.—But thus it events, when we would acknowledge a universal—somewhat sole, safe, unthreatened by an other,—and when we would say the field is cleared and clean possess by the spacie universal as all that is now, and boldly declare that what is, as all, stands apodal and unsustained, then lo' we discover that this "is" (as a verb to the sensible all) is but a shallow predicate in the eye of the critical faculty; and in the hypothecation of the continuance of this all, and in the memory of its endurance, and in conjecture of a possible ground *whereby* all is rather than is not, or is differently, we dread an other of all; for our all is still of observation, a this, a topic, and does not include us or our thought. And although to a single faculty two universals are (or other of the universal is) impossible, yet to the mystery of the simultaneous presence and the alternating predominance of the two faculties, (the universal and the particular,) two universals are inseparable in the whole of thought, which is more than either, and more than both. And logic proper, which should be the expression of this antithesis, and also of a new antithesis arising from the juxtaposition of logic with that first antithesis, (and of another and another antithesis infinitely), is in its very genius and pretensions an interminable effort and an unfinished consideration, in which either Heraclitus or Parmenides can make only an arbitrary pause—while Hegel says, go on!

Now what distinguishes Hegel is the determination that the logic of life shall be as life exceeding, and yet perfect as exceeding, or as including excess. He sought by the use of both faculties under the guidance of the unit of judgment which they constitute or produce, to sympathise—to spread himself out upon—all, as of the same style as himself—having as a genius of constitution the perfection of process in the process of perfection on the one hand, and

the perfection of constitution embracing imperfection as a constituent on the other hand—or rather an other hand; his hands are numberless. For it must follow, after Hegel may perfect a system of logic commensurate with life, that life and logic become antithetic terms in a notion transcending both.

The difficulty of understanding what he desired to tell is, that it cannot be told; and all his credit is due only to his effort, and not to his success. When Hegel said there was "but one man who understood him, and even he did not," the man he meant was himself. The moment he descends from the genius of assertion to the bodily limits of assertion, we pick up only deciduous leaves.

Thus when he says Life, or the absolute, is Being *produced*, all who live may identify what is trying to enter his mind, but it cannot be logically thought. What is already Being needs no producing; and what is in process of production is not to be christened until it is born.—But, says he, this is the absolute quality, that every notion has in it its own negation. Well, not quite: if the negation is commensurate with the notion, then, reversing the terms of this equation, every negation has in it its own notion, and we have something equal to nothing,—which can be said only of a confessed deception; while only some high and preponderant reality of life—even though it *were* in a combination of reality and negation—can justify any utterance or pains in regard to it. Or, if negation and affirmation are equal in the notion, how shall there be any excess, any process?—Or if negation and affirmation both together are not the total of the notion—which also contains (as produced) the new notion or the newness of the notion—then this newness of the notion was not included in that first negation, which should have been commensurate with the *totality* of the notion. So again, if knowledge or logic becomes possible as other of all in newness of the same, it is the consequent rather than the ground of life; it is thrust forward as an

impotent second rather than precedes as an original and guiding principle.

Hegel's is the greatest, the best, and thereby also the worst of philosophies; the greatest in that it shrewdly mimics the genius of life; the worst in that it most clearly shows the uselessness of logic. Illogical it cannot be called; the fault is in logic itself. Its members, when lifted, break of their own weight, and not because of any fault in the system save that it is unfinished, and that unfinishedness is a necessity of its genius. Life is sensibly exceeding and unfinished; its logic must be exceeding and unfinished also;—but so it should not be to Hegel, for logic unfinished is but diasophic, or science of the fleeting, and is ever too late for the vitality of the notion.—Wherefore the labor of Hegel, like that of all the rest, will be set aside in a corner of the mind, as another of those "perpetual motion" machines that will not go.

Yet to this conclusion there is of course a Hegelian retort. For if life exceeds logic, so does logic exceed life, as when abstraction transcends sensible reality—thus: Logic has its universal, as space, which particulars cannot frustrate; logical space is universal, whether filled or empty; and only in logic can this universal be. For actually the unlimited or unconditioned could be only when there was no limit—and not then *as such*, for what sense were there in naming an *un*-limited while there was no such thing as limit to give meaning to the negative qualification? So an actual universal cannot be while any individual actually is; for what sort of actual universal is that which has a hole in it, for any particular head?—yet neither can it be without an individual,—for *uni*-versal is such only in being one all over and every where, while the very life of oneness is limit, which universality excludes.

Yet Sense must have the last word:—Is it merely ignorance of Hegel's dialectic that keeps us miserable? or was the "brain-benumbing Hegel" happier than others?—It were excusable in a logic confessedly of development and

process at least in part, that the development should go on after the brain of the logician had turned to dust; he could but say, after recording his mortal installment of life's process, "and so on!" But not just thus may the Hegelian "and so on" be taken, but rather thus: Given the brain of Hegel, the Hegelian method starts fairly on the way toward the logic of the notion, and fails for lack of infinitude in the Hegelian capacity. To claim more than this: to wit, that Hegel's logic is equal to life, and has the secret or origin of life, demands that the logic should serve an interest and allay the uneasiness we feel—should give us peace and power in worldly demonstration; it should bear fruit in better and happier life, and not, like a mere mirror, reflect life as it comes. Shall a starveling student, pushed to the wall by every prosperous burgher, proclaim the absolute? Shall Poe boast that he has found it, and leave his executors looking vainly to find which of his tattered pockets he put it in? Is there not some absurdity in claiming the secret of the thing while you cannot produce the like, or make fruit appear at the magic word of life? Yet the philosophers proper deride Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists, who attempted theurgy and miracle in good faith—(and if they could not make bread out of stones, yet stood resolved they might go to heaven without it)—for the philosopher proper shall hold truth equal with the life, and shall have his full dignity if he may stand without and know, though he may not as within identically do and be. It must go hard with him if he cannot be happy at the jingle of other men's money and the savor of other men's fare. Yet

"Who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

Not a philosopher indeed; yet martyr, blessed memory! have sung in fire till this illusion faded. The divine issued through and displaced them. And ever thus divinity shapes our ends; and the river of thought is destined not by the headlong current but by the guidance of the changeless shore.

There appears no possibility of divine and vital assertion. Diction and contradiction are inseparable, and the great of the earth ever expect to be understood by sympathy, rather than by expression. Life is metalogical; the word of life is rather lived than spoken. The words of Jesus may never be surpassed: "I *am* the truth;"—"the kingdom of God cometh not with observation"—it is within you. But by "I" here is not meant the individual—"not I, but He that sent me." Based, at least, upon the total life, which must impinge on us in supporting us, why shall we hesitate to confess an inuendo of a greater than our limits, and therefore a formless to us? Why shall philosophy insist on the expression of life, while all wise men identify yet cannot tell their meaning?

Whenever the Life—the metalogical—has hinted doctrine into this our condition—doctrine echoing, through contradiction, between heart and heart, the identity which does not pass—the organ of that doctrine has had grace to stand aside and deny his originality thereof. Thus John the Baptist, than whom Jesus declared there was none greater born among men, characterized his instrumentality as "the Voice of One crying in the Wilderness." Jesus in turn declared: "*My* doctrine is not *mine*, but His that sent me;"—"The words *I speak* unto you *I speak* not of myself; the *Father that dwelleth in me*, He doeth the works;"—"Of myself I can do nothing;"—"If any man will do the will of Him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself;"—"If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself."—So Plotinus, Jacobi, Fichte, Goethe, Emerson, ever held themselves but as witnesses of their puted originality—"surprised spectators" of thought,—or as pipes, whose only virtue was to be hollow and smooth. The proposition of Descartes, "I think; therefore I am," is a very shallow start. But Fichte begins to relate of the Doctrine of Knowledge as "apart from any definite knowing;"—ruling himself as Doctor out

of the world,—for something greater than knowledge must judge of the definition of knowledge. *

But all philosophers who do not attain the Pyrrhonic suspense of judgment are disposed to glide over this difficulty, of the knowledge of all, by an assertion of "*self-knowledge*,"—holding the ego given as "*self-evident*," "*subject object*," or "*knowing itself*." Even Hegel tolerates this vulgar sleight, and, determined that philosophy shall succeed in any event, seems satisfied in such expression as "*thought (noun) thought (participle)*"—"thought that thinks itself"—"*thought produced*." It seems hardly worth while to say, that when a relation to self is declared—as in aught that knows itself, or moves itself—"it" and "*self*" are, by habitual consent and simultaneous action or oscillation of our two faculties of cognition, made into one word, which, ignoring and avoiding the very difficulty from which all philosophy sets out, factitiously gloses over subjective and objective as a seamless unity for practical purposes of popular discourse; but for a philosopher to deliberately ignore or consent to this gloss is to presume success.

If there is requisite a statement of self, self may be defined as a sum of knowledge. But as for "*self-knowledge*," *all* knowledge is self-knowledge, as all pain is self-pain; yet it no more follows that the man knows himself in the one case than it does that he hurts himself in the other; self is the knowledge and the pain.

This little slur covers the whole of Transcendentalism, which cannot escape the dogmatic assertion that the Kritik

* Not so does our Stephen Pearl Andrews, when he rashly proclaims "*Universology*"—"a canon of universal criticism"—as a doctrine or logos of All,—and infers, of course, "the wholeness-aspect of being." In order to learn, if the universe has been found and known, whether it is known by this universe or another, I wrote and asked him: "*To whom is 'the wholeness aspect of being'?*"—He answered: "I confess the question is as blind to me as Trinitism is to you." I enquired also what was the word (gone out of the plate) of his Glossary, defining *identity*. He had not missed the word, but supposed it was "*sameness*." When we consider that *sameness* is of two or more, and that the definition of identity is the main problem of philosophy, this answer, if final, is unsatisfactory.

of Reason must be a knowledge of knowledge, and is liable to the question how knowledge Number Two is wiser than knowledge Number One, unless knowledge Number Three would be wiser than knowledge Number Two, and so on. To make judgement topical to judgement is merely to confess in that instance the duplexity of being and thought.

Self as knowledge (if we should admit that deception as important) might, in the method of knowledge, be said to be caused or projected by that life which abides while knowledge sleeps, and so aught or all might under protest be said to cause, to sustain, or to know its self,—but this is not to the purpose. If aught and its self are one word and thing, the two terms are tautological—there is no division in this one thing *itself*; and if aught and its self, or all and its self, are the same in two takings, with time or transcendency or production between the takings, yet these two are equal in all respects,—so that if aught knows, or sustains, or causes itself, it is known, sustained, or caused *by itself* in the same moment: thus in the matter of principle or origin exchanging the properties of ground and consequent in a manner impertinent to an explanation of why the whole goes forward instead of backward in history.

This sum of observation is that self which Jesus denied, couching all his doctrine from that which projects this self—"He that sent me;"—not indeed denying self as knowledge, nor in the method of this world,—for in this confusion self is unavoidably to be admitted before it can be denied,—but renouncing and ignoring it ever as an unaccountable deception, a lie and a father of lies, and hesitating not to assume a basic identity behind the self, contravening its importance if not its reality. "My Father and I are one;"—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" yet "no man hath seen God at any time"—nor "me" either, in the proper sense: for by "me" here is not meant this limit of individuality, but the origin of the doctrine; nor according to this limit shall the great doctrine proceed, but in spite of and ignoring it. And this is

that great and only wise doctrine: That which proposes "I" in every creature is identical and of equal dignity, no more by thy addition and no less by thy lack. In God, Socrates and the grasshopper have no distinction. Knowledge apart, the being of an ant and of an angel is the same. The logos subsides in God. "Then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

What is specially characteristic of all divine doctrine is its inuendo of impersonal yet wise life, address to the substance—to the "heart," or the "spirit"—and expected rather to be sympathetically echoed than logically known,—as if the universal purport were in us, and only distorted in any ambitious attempt to utter it particularly in the world. Only through life and in spite of formal speech can we resound in each other. Jesus attempts the noun-participle of being in the saying "I am the truth,"—as if he had said "understand me in your heart or substance;"—"the word is made flesh." Yet strictly thinking, in all "self-denial," whether of desire or of observation, there is a higher desire of the same which is not meant to be denied; and in confessing the deception of cognition we operate a higher cognition which detects the deception, and which is not meant to be repudiated. The coil is about us—nay, we are and are not the coil! If I deny myself wholly and heartily, what good is in this impeached man's denial? If I decide with sense, reason condemns me; if I decide with reason, sense torments me, and will be respected; if I hold them equal and both delusive, behold, when I say I am properly neither, but a critic of both, I find my criticism restricted to the two old methods, the universal and the particular—the critical and the dogmatic. If I say that truth of life cannot be spoken, yet somehow I live and have spoken; and others have spoken and I understand their impulse. If disgusted with this entanglement I conclude that only silence is wise, how can I impart my wisdom? and if I keep silent, do I not impotently sanction all the folly spoken?

Shall I say with one breath 'thou errest,' and 'truth cannot be told'?—Verily, the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, but is in us, to be sought in the opposite direction.

We detect, then, a weakness in the philosophic spirit, in that it pursues the content or contents of life outwardly in another, (namely truth,) in order that it may comprehend and sustain life in safety, by manipulating a sustenance of being,—lacking dignity or faith to recline inward and assume in what is, as all, that which we might assume and must confess as practical somewhere, namely an apodal sufficiency,—to which sufficiency a wonder or a fear of why it is sufficient cannot pertain, and could be attributed only as an impossible disease or lack:—

"But to seem to find
Asks what thou lackest, thought resigned,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind."

Consider the weakness of ever charging the vitality of aught upon an other, (or upon its self,) in that this other but affords a place of riddance for the mystery of sufficiency, which is not meant to be refuted, but merely forced off the field of speculation because as individual, in limit, we have it not, but are made by other. This sufficiency cannot be grounded in knowledge, nor enter knowledge, which it precedes and scorns. And he is both timid and inconsiderate who takes it for an impossibility of course that our soul, which assumes and puts off consciousness, is this very God, in whose build (whether it be of substance or action or both or neither,) is the sufficiency of life, and is all the reality to be confessed extant. That which the casuist seeks—that but for which all were not—is that identically which is; and what it lacks of ground to knowledge is what knowledge lacks of it.—In this weak spirit of reference to other, though I had made all that is observed, as freely as I write these words, I should not be content of its origin, but should defer to fate in being, and find sustenance in

precedence rather than ignore sustenance in prime vitality. In this method nought is but was caused and is effect, and so of course cause never is; and what never is never was; yet by the same method, all that is is cause—cause of what shall be. So that which is stands and stood ever without cause; and aught that stands ill at ease lacks dignity or faith, which it has the right to assume, and none shall say it nay. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

If we are to be satisfied we must be satisfied without knowledge—metalogically. "In my heart there is light," said Jacobi, "but directly I would bring it into the understanding it vanishes." This is the ring of true metal. Yet Jacobi makes the old mistake, as far as logic is concerned, when he would put feeling in the place of knowledge, as informal certainty; for feeling also is organic and relative, a thing of contrast, a one made by other. The same shall be said of faith; for without works it is dead, while he who does a great work has already transcended the agnosticism of faith or its need.

Schelling labors vainly against the same embarrassment. "Something higher than science I certainly do *know*," he says; we have what he intends, but it is not in what he says. "Only in the highest science does the mortal eye close, and then it is not man that sees, but eternal sight that has come to see in him." But see what? Identical, in possession, what achievement remains for a faculty of vision? Shall the eye look forth into the formless and colorless, and look, and look, and see not? Logically, is that conscious which is not conscious of somewhat? or is as a knowing-machine running with no grist in the hopper? Shall the will tower in majesty and prevalence against nothing?—All these efforts toward logical content serve only to manifest our conditional uneasiness, while yet they give sure monition of the great content which provokes them. The fact that there is philosophy at

all is a greater comfort than any that philosophy has attained. *

With Kant, Fichte, Jacobi, Hegel, Schelling and Emerson in hand, and with Jesus above all, we go back well equipt to the ancients, the grandeur of whose simple astonishment was the balmy morning of dialectics, now in their sultry Hegelian noon. Moderns have not surpassed them save in new excursions, to which they would freely have consented. Socrates would have worshipped Jesus; and the static Plato would have clapped his hands had he seen the Hegelian notion beating heavenward on its mighty wings. All philosophies are but stages in the logical endeavor, which, since Hegel, is pretty well given up. The best of later thinking is content with confessing "a light from within or from behind," which shines through and nullifies the logical desire, and determines that what we cannot account for should not trouble our peace. Thus knowledge has risen to sagacity, or wisdom, and the sage sits a grade higher than the philosopher.

A few of the staminal assertions of the Greeks will show their common notion, of knowledge as a necessity of being, and the only light.—"The One is God," said Zenophanes. "The whole is limited; for it is just so much as it is and no more," said Zeno. "Number is the substance of things," said Pythagoras. "Strife (i. e. antagonism, contrast) is the father of things," said Heracleitus. "All things were made

* Yet Heaven and Earth forbid that to Philosophy however vain should be preferred the assertions of Common Sense, which are about as like to wisdom or to wit as hash is to hashcash; they sound very like, and are equally inscrutable. To Common Sense—to the Lockes and Bacons, to the Scotch school, and to most theological schools outside of Germany, philosophy means but serious reflection generally. Serious reflection it surely is, but fundamentally, chiefly, all but exclusively, of a single topic, to wit: the possibility of knowledge and the possibility of being without knowledge. No accumulation nor classification of knowledge, no deduction of "laws" therefrom, nor any adaptation to the wants of men, not even to their eternal happiness, hath any relevancy to the single effort put forth to unriddle the dialectic duplexity that knits the nature of thought and being. All that of "Induction" and "Deduction," of "Progression," and "Positivism," and "Science" from end to end, is but secondary and subsequent and unavailing to philosophy—the wonder of the gods.

by the Logos," says St. John after the others. These sayings all have one meaning, namely: that only by limit, contrast, discrimination, can things exist;—and whether this is or is not a correct statement of the case of things, it follows not that without formal knowledge all were nought because this world of observation were not.

Surely, in *knowledge*, one is by other: and "one thing alone the gods cannot show us," for one ever stands between two, as the simple difference; and one is not perfected in observation until we come to other; and one cannot stand alone; wherefore the possibility of things (individual) is the possibility of conception. But even as identity does not depend upon the proposition of identity, nor life upon knowledge, so does not the inherent content of aught depend upon that sensible limiting which gives oneness, or individuality. A hole abides as a hole only while that abides in which it is a hole; but the content quality of the hole is not affected by removing the limits which individualize and locate it in knowledge. This content is not made by limit, nor does any question arise in content as to how or whether at all it is made.

The necessity of being and the necessity of things are diverse considerations. "Strife is the father of things," said Heraclitus: that is, contrast, one against other; this tolerably accounts for the things, but what accounts for the father? Who is the grandfather of things?—Granting knowledge, things come easily, inferred by contrast: thus conception of nothing infers space, and space infers time, and this infers coetaneity, and this relation, and this position, and this motion, and this irritation, and this heat, light and color,—and so on to Substance; thence are accretion, limit, form, unity, Individuality; thence property, propriety, self-interest, resistance, Life,—and so on perhaps to intelligence and apodal sufficiency. But before all this, is a question of the necessity of being at all, of which Philosophy in its method should seek an answer as requisite to the peace of being. Wherefore the philosophical method

is condemned as availing itself of only one-half of intelligible possibility; for who knows not that the weakness of the back is the weight of the burthen—that the force of desire is the value of acquisition—and that uneasiness in general may be as well forestalled as gratified? Knowledge, being void of the mystery of causation, and being only observation, must ever wonder at what is given her—even at her own being; but being without knowledge hath no doubt and no question of origin or basis. The disease vanishes in the fading of the question, and not in the coming of an answer,—leaving a new and empirical question as to the possibility of an informal consciousness, or an unconditioned being. And thereof, as Poe well urged, the possibility is not determined by our ability to conceive.

And as conception of any part infers more than a part, so does the whole in knowledge argue more than the sum of the parts; for as the individuality of one is by division from other, so the wholeness of the sum of the parts is by the connective and circumferent tissue of thought. Wherefore, as to what is being limited “because it is just so much as it is and no more,” it is so limited only in knowledge as deception; for identity is neither much nor little—which are terms of comparison with other.

And here we see that knowledge of the other in each does not afford knowledge of all. For if all were in parts, (not parts and limit, observe—for taken topically limit is a part as a net of the parts)—if all were in parts, and all the parts were alike in being, and each part were known by other parts, tho’ neither part were known by that part itself, still all would not be known as all; for if the limit be allowed as a necessity of parts, thought also is a necessity of wholeness; thought is the limit of wholeness, and is a part extra; and knowledge here as ever mistakes the limit of all as in the content of all, though ever “the more is thought,” and limit of aught real takes no part.—Neither can we declare that the unknown is the knower,—as if the difficulty were simply in that we cannot see backwards, as

the gun cannot shoot into its own muzzle. In strictness, we cannot declare, name, nor assert concerning the unknown—we know not of aught unknown; and only that we should be forever silent, while yet we expect to be divinely understood above the letter, sympathetically hinting the mystery of identity in fellowship, we could not say of being that it *is*, and thus necessitate a contrast of it with the space it fills, or with other or different that might have been in its place; for well said Democritus, "Being is by nothing more real than nothing"—*to knowledge*, that is—in which all considerations, as topical, are of equal reality. So being, as *to us*, *topically*, is off from us, and so is *by knowledge*, as Fichte said; yet never dream that this "*is*," as form, or manifestation, or reflexion, is the only predicate of divine being; for being *is* in a meaning prior to and deeper than manifestation in form. Fichte finally saw this dimly. For of God he said: "*Thou art*," etc.—"but as I now and ever must conceive of being *Thou art not*." This sort of confession cost him his professional chair; for to his wise censors, who fancied God as some shape with ideas, this was atheism.

As what is then, or at least as of what is, we were sound and content if—we were so: in other condition. Faith comes not by doubtful tests, but is ever a foregone conclusion. It arrests us rather than is assumed by us. Its dignity and courage are simply divine, "the gift of God," and according to nought besides; especially may I say, not according to knowledge. Courage as by knowledge is in a sense of safety, in which courage has no part; for the more definite sense of safety, the less merit of courage. Your bully Samson, and Marcius, and Wallace, and Plantagenet, safe in their knowledge of superior strength and address, shall not be mentioned with many a little hero who, divinely resentful of accidental advantages, and having no hope of successful battle, would yield only his life,—for such have that within regardless of safety or self which

yearns in the parent's love, and begs to suffer instead of the child, and is above any possible good of the individual. Why shall Socrates call Ion "inspired" in his rhapsodies, yet fail to see that love and courage, or faith, are all divine? For him who has done his best there is an honest ignorance that shall face the highest inquisition. What boots all outward sustenance when the flood covers the drowning man, with "dreadful noise of water in his ears," and his heart cries out Which way to the Kingdom of God? How shall he escape inward, where the Kingdom of God is, if he shriek abroad prayers addrest into the realm of observation? How shall he soothe his frightened child with doctrine, taking responsibility for another in his holiest love, unless, though mistaking, he may be worthy as aught that sent him here? Nay, son and brother, Courage! Mine be thy retribution! To the highest Court that questions mortal patience after the truth of the life, I and my sorrows lift a brow of brass, whether to-day or to-morrow.

THE ANÆSTHETIC REVELATION.

By the Anæsthetic Revelation I mean a certain survived condition, (or uncondition,) in which is the satisfaction of philosophy by an appreciation of the genius of being, which appreciation cannot be brought out of that condition into the normal sanity of sense—cannot be formally remembered, but remains informal, forgotten until we return to it.

"As here we find in trances, men
Forget the dream that happens then,
Until they fall in trance again."

Of this condition, although it may have been attained otherwise, I know only by the use of anæsthetic agents. After experiments ranging over nearly fourteen years I affirm—what any man may prove at will—that there is an invariable and reliable condition (or uncondition) ensuing about the instant of recall from anæsthetic stupor to sensible observation, or "coming to," in which the genius of

being is revealed; but because it cannot be remembered in the normal condition it is lost altogether through the infrequency of anæsthetic treatment in any individual's case ordinarily, and buried, amid the hum of returning common sense, under that epitaph of all illumination: "this is a queer world." Yet I have warned others to expect this wonder on entering the anæsthetic slumber, and none so cautioned has failed to report of it in terms which assured me of its realization. I have spoken with various persons also who induce anesthesia professionally (dentists, surgeons, etc.,) who had observed that many patients at the moment of recall seem as having made a startling yet somehow matter-of-course (and even grotesque) discovery in their own nature, and try to speak of it, but invariably fail in a lost mood of introspection. Of what astonishes them it is hard to give or receive intimation; but I think most persons who shall have tested it will accept this as the central point of the illumination: That sanity is not the basic quality of intelligence, but is a mere condition which is variable, and like the humming of a wheel, goes up or down the musical gamut according to a physical activity; and that only in sanity is formal or contrasting thought, while the naked life is realized only outside of sanity altogether; and it is the instant contrast of this "tasteless water of souls" with formal thought as we "come to," that leaves in the patient an astonishment that the awful mystery of Life is at last but a homely and a common thing, and that aside from mere formality the majestic and the absurd are of equal dignity. The astonishment is aggravated as at a thing of course, missed by sanity in overstepping, as in too foreign a search, or with too eager an attention: as in finding one's spectacles on one's nose, or in making in the dark a step higher than the stair. My first experiences of this revelation had many varieties of emotion; but as a man grows calm and determined by experience in general, so am I now not only firm and familiar in this once weird condition, but triumphant—di-

vine. To minds of sanguine imagination there will be a sadness in the tenor of the mystery, as if the key-note of the universe were low,—for no poetry, no emotion known to the normal sanity of man can furnish a hint of its primeval prestige, and its all-but appalling solemnity; but for such as have felt sadly the instability of temporal things there is a comfort of serenity and ancient peace; while for the resolved and imperious spirit there are majesty and supremacy unspeakable. Nor can it be long until all who enter the anæsthetic condition (and there are hundreds every secular day) will be taught to expect this revelation, and will date from its experience their initiation into the Secret of Life.

Men and brethren, into this pervading genius we pass, forgetting and forgotten, and thenceforth each is all, in God. There is no higher, no deeper, no other, than the life in which we are founded.

“The One remains, the many change and pass;”

and each and every of us is the One that remains.—Listen, then, to the charming of the Prince of Peace, who takes away the sin of the world, and say, each for himself, “My Father and I are one.”—Mourn not for the dead, who have awoken in the bosom of God. They care not, they think not, and when we are what they are, we too shall think of them no more.—Much might I say of the good of this discovery, if it were, as it soon may be, generally known of. Now for the first time the ancient problem is referred to empirical resolution, when the expert and the novice may meet equally on the same ground. My worldly tribulation reclines on its divine composure; and though not in haste to die, I “care not to be dead,” but look into the future with serene and changeless cheer. This world is no more that alien terror which was taught me. Spurning the cloud-grimed and still sultry battlements whence so lately Jehovan thunders boomed, my gray gull lifts her wing against the nightfall, and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye.

By this revelation we enter to the sadness and the majesty of Jesus—to the solemn mystery which inspired the prophets of every generation. By some accident of being they entered to this condition. This is "the voice of One crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord." He that hath ears to hear let him hear. Heed not for themselves the voice nor the hand, which ever deny themselves; remember only how many inspired times it is spoken and written: *I AM*—that God whom faltering spirits seek in far-off courts of heaven, while behold! the kingdom of God is neither "lo! here" nor "lo! there" but within you; it is the Soul. Thou shalt vanish, but the Soul is eternal: I speak not of souls. And behold, I say unto you, the Supreme Genius doth not facultize; the glory is not what it does but what it is; it hath no old nor new, no here nor there; it stays not to remember, to wonder, to compare; to the veilm of the patrician Presence, omniscience were an idle labor and delay, and prophecy is forestalled and bootless in the sole sufficiency whose pæan hath no echo.

This is the Ultimatum. It is no glance between conditions, as if in passing from this sphere of existence we might catch a glimpse of

"The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,"

and lose them again as we pass on to another orb and organization. This thick net of space containing all worlds—this fate of being which contains both gods and men, is the capacity of the Soul, and can be claimed as greater than us only by claiming a greater than the greatest, and denying God and safety. As sure as being—whence is all our care—so sure is content, beyond duplexity, antithesis, or trouble, where I have triumphed in a solitude that God is not above.

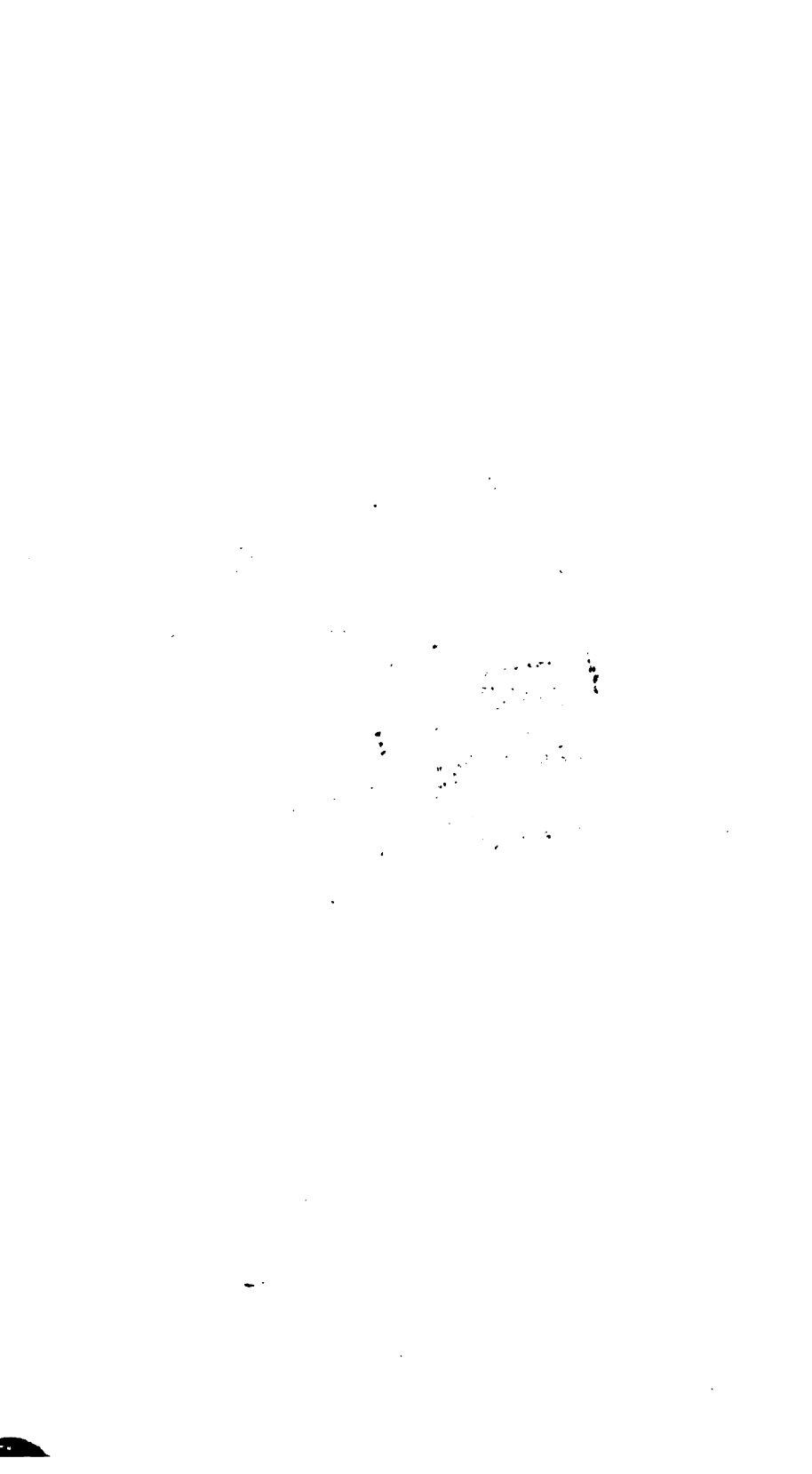
It is written that "there was war in heaven,"—that sons of dominion, as absolute as any, beheld the banners of Lu-



cifer streaking with silver and crimson the mists of the morning, and heard the heavy guns of Moloch and Belial beating on the heights of the mind; and I read that dead men have appeared as human forms;—nought of this can I deny, more or better than I can deny myself. The tales, whether they be true or false, are as substantial as the things of which they tell.

“We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”



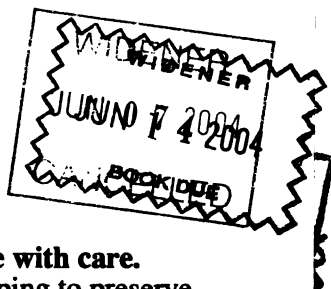
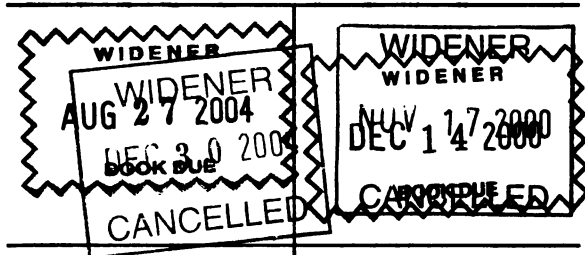




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